

her head. She struggled bravely against the current, and though the water came up to her waist she managed to keep on toward the shore, holding the dear old Bible as high as she could raise it. Her father met her before she gained the bank and clasped both his treasures in his strong arms.

"Father," said the brave little maid, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible and I have done so."

Several pistol shots were heard at that moment, and the sound of approaching horsemen. The fugitives found concealment in a cliff among the rocks, and fortunately were not discovered. After their pursuers had rode away they issued from their retreat, and soon after reached the church in safety.

Jeanie married in after-years, and lived happily with her husband to a good old age. The great Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were recorded the names of her seven children. It is still in possession of her descendants in a well-preserved condition.

Jeanie never forgot that night of peril when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters. When she was dying she dreamed of her girlish exploit, and cried out, "I'm in the deep river—in the deep river; but I will hold up the dear old Bible. There, father, take the Book."

With these words she ceased to breathe.—*Watchman*.

Dark Days.

Many of the darkest days in History have borne the choicest fruit to the glory of God and the good of man. It was a dark day when Israel groaned in the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage. But if the bondage had been less bitter Israel would have rested content in Egypt; out of the bondage came the Exodus, and out of the Exodus the Messiah. It was a dark day when the ardent, brave, eloquent Stephen hope of the early church, was stoned; but out of that day came Paul. It was a dark day when the persecution that arose about Stephen ravaged the disciples; but out of it came the world-wide preaching of the gospel. It was a dark day when the Puritans, finding no rest for the soles of their feet, sailed from the old world; but out of it came America. Darkest of all days was that on which the sun hid his face from the Divine Man expiring on Calvary; yet all our hopes and all our happiness come from that day.—*National Baptist*.

Who Wins.

Boys this is a question of great importance. Who will succeed in life? The boy or man who spends his evenings away from home—attending music-hall, theatre or billiard-room; playing dice, billiards, or cards; smoking tobacco, or gambling? or the one who is entirely free from all that we have named—whose inclinations are in the direction of home, industry, sobriety self-culture, of right, the truth, and of God? We have in mind a most worthy gentleman who stands high in business circles, because when but a boy on the streets he chose the right and maintained it. At eleven his father died leaving a wife and four children. From that time for seven years that boy sold papers and blacked boots, all the while supporting the family out of his daily profits. At eighteen he commenced business for himself as a merchant, and to-day is highly respected by his many friends and acquaintances, and is doing a flourishing business.

Who wins? The boy or man of bad habits? No! The boy or man who can swear, cheat, lie or steal, without being found out? Not! But he wins who is not ashamed to pray to God in the hour of temptation for help—for strength more than human when adversity overwhelms. He who reads God's Word and trusts it; who is not governed by the motive, is it expedient? but is it right?—he wins.

Progress of Sin.

The trees of the forest held a solemn Parliament, wherein they consulted of the wrongs they had done them. Therefore they enacted, "that no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, on pain of being cut down." The axe traveled up and down the forest, begged wood of the cedar, ash, oak, elm, even to the poplar. Not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes, alleging that these shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to give him so much; but when he had got the handle he cut down themselves too. These be the subtle reaches of sin. Give it but a little advantage, on the fair promise to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore resist beginnings. Trust it not in the least.